YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET A HULK T-SHIRT!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No.66
6th MAY. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

WHERE NOW, BATMAN?

BACK TO THE BATCAVE TO RUN SOME DATA THROUGH THE BATPUTER!

WHEN PENGUIN LOSES A LOAD OF COOKIES THE WILY OLD JAIL-BIRD CALLS FOR BATMAN'S HELP.— CRUMBS! THAT REALLY DOES TAKE THE BISCUIT, EH!

WE'RE DEALING WITH A CRAFTY CRIMINAL, AND WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHO HE IS!

--AND FAST! WE CAN'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!

WILL NOBODY HELP A DEAR LITTLE OLD LADY?

SOB!

SOB!

SOB!

HOLY SIR GALAHAD, BATMAN! WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO HELP HER!

YOU'RE WRONG, CHUM!

A TRUE GENTLEMAN ALWAYS HAS TIME TO AID A DEAR LITTLE OLD LADY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BATMAN! I'M JUST AN UNMANNERLY LITTLE KID!

I DO HOPE I WON'T MAKE YOU NICE YOUNG MEN LATE FOR YOUR PARTY!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, MA'AM!

WELL, ALMOST NOTHING!

IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO FIX MY TYRE! HERE'S TEN CENTS FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

THANK YOU, MA'AM!

HOLY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER SENIOR!

A DIME! AND YOU TOOK IT!!

OF COURSE, THAT SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY MIGHT HAVE BEEN EMBARRASSED IF I HADN'T!

OVER THE PAGE, FANS!

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JOLLY ROGER? I SLIPPED BATMAN THE DIME WITH THE BUILT-IN TRANSMITTER!
GOOD!
HE'LL NEVER FIND ME, BUT I'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE HE IS -- JUST IN CASE!
AWWK! PIECES OF TEN!
SHUT UP, YOU CRUMMY BIRD!
MEANWHILE, IN THE BATCAVE...
BY DIGESTING EVERY KNOWN FACT ABOUT PIRATES, THE BATPUTER MAY TELL US WHO WE'RE LOOKING FOR!
I HOPE SO!
DOES THE BOY WONDER DOUBT THE DIGITAL MONSTER? DO YOU?
PUTT! PUTT! SPUTTER! KOFF!
THE BATPUTER SEEMS TO BE LABOURING, SIR!
IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S STUMPED!
IT'S BEEN WORKING ON THE PIRATE DATA FOR SEVEN STRAIGHT HOURS!
--WHICH IS ROUGHLY THE EQUIVALENT OF 9,873,632,483,791,246,967 MAN HOURS!
HOLY CALCULUS!
EUREKA, SIR! I DO BELIEVE IT'S COME UP WITH SOMETHING!
I HAD EVERY CONFIDENCE THAT IT WOULD!
WHAT'S IT SAY, BATMAN?
THIS IS THE ANSWER COOKED UP BY THE AMAZING ELECTRONIC BAT-PUTER!
SIR ROGER WINDOW 1643-1692
English pirate, known as "JOLLY ROGER" and believed to be designer of skull-and-crossbones flag bearing that name.
THALIA MORGAN 1651-1693
Sister of buccaneer SIR HENRY MORGAN. Commonly called "MISS MORGAN," she was a known henchwoman of "JOLLY ROGER."
Sir Roger's pet parrot, "LONG JOHN," presented to the pirate chief by his crew and believed to be origin of phrase "They gave him the bird."
THE ORIGINAL PIRATE KNOWN AS "JOLLY ROGER" DIED 300 YEARS AGO, BUT--
I GET IT! SOMEBODY ELSE HAS TAKEN ON HIS IDENTITY!!
WELL THOUGHT, MASTER ROBIN!
BOB KANE
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc
BUT THAT LEAVES US JUST WHERE WE WERE!
IF I MIGHT SUGGEST, SIR--?
PLEASE DO, ALFRED! AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOUR INTELLECT!
MIGHT NOT THE MODERN PIRATE HAVE A NAME SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE ORIGINAL?
"PSYCHIC IDENTIFICATION", EH? YOU MAY WELL BE RIGHT, ALFRED!
GOLLY! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT!
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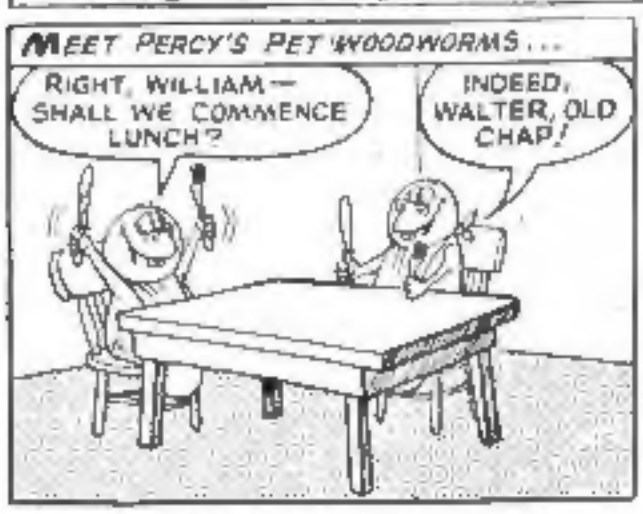
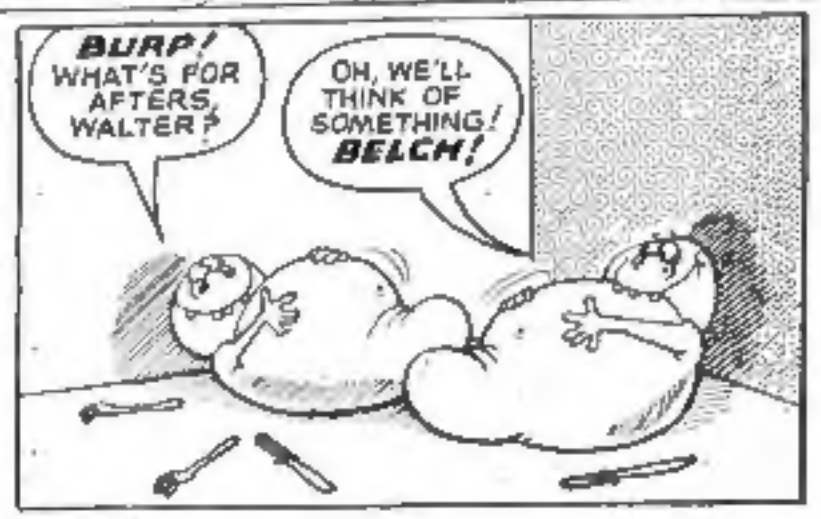
NEXT WEEK: ALL AT SEA!

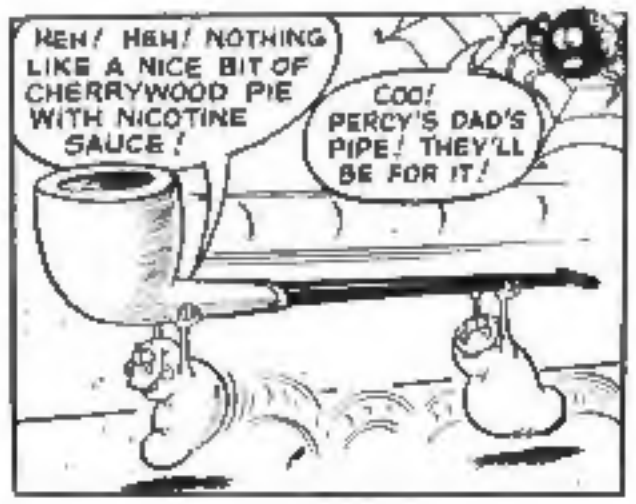
Percy's Pets


MEET PERCY'S PET WOODWORMS...
RIGHT, WILLIAM— SHALL WE COMMENCE LUNCH?
INDEED, WALTER, OLD CHAP!

M'MM! DELICIOUS! MAHOGANY MINCE!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
MUNCH!
SLURP!
CHOMP!


BURP! WHAT'S FOR AFTERS, WALTER?
OH, WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! BELCH!

AND...
AAGH! WHERE'S MY PIPE? IT'S GONE!


HEH! HEH! NOTHING LIKE A NICE BIT OF CHERRYWOOD PIE WITH NICOTINE SAUCE!
COO! PERCY'S DAD'S PIPE! THEY'LL BE FOR IT!

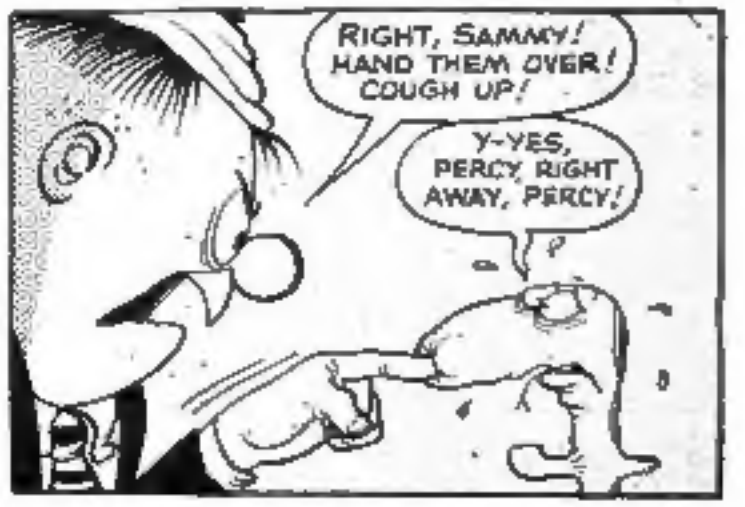
WAA-AAH! DAD'S PIPE'S MISSING! WHERE ARE MY PET WOODWORMS? I BET THEY'VE PINCHED IT AGAIN!

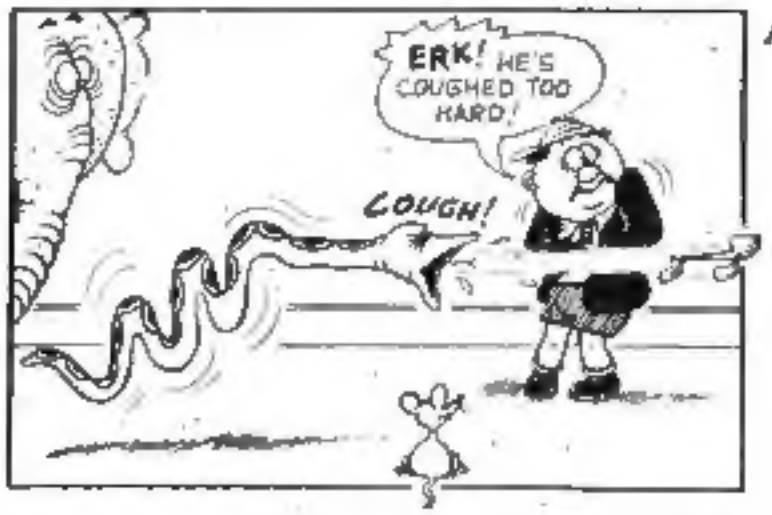
OH, NO! PERCY'S ON TO US—WE'VE GOT TO HIDE, WALTER!

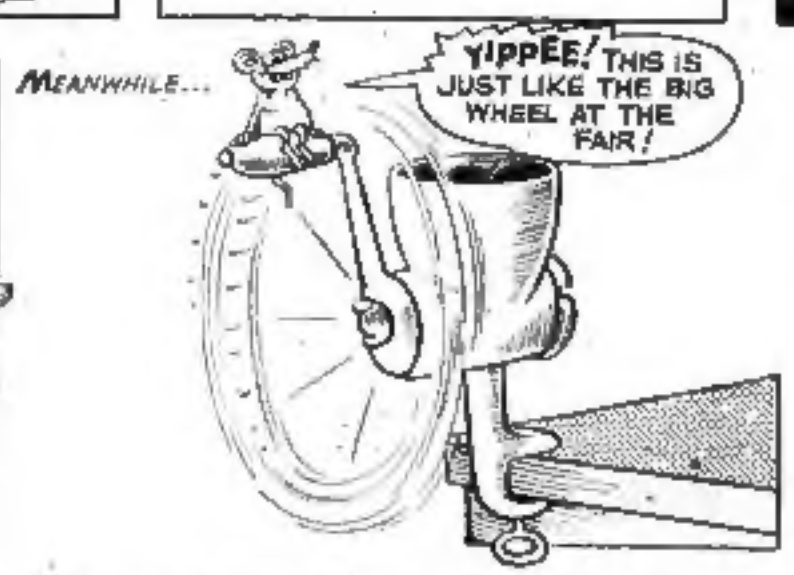
ER— EXCUSE US, SAMMY! WE ARE—ER—PLAYING AT HIDE-AND-SEEK!

ULP! WHY DID THEY HAVE TO CHOOSE ME TO HIDE IN?

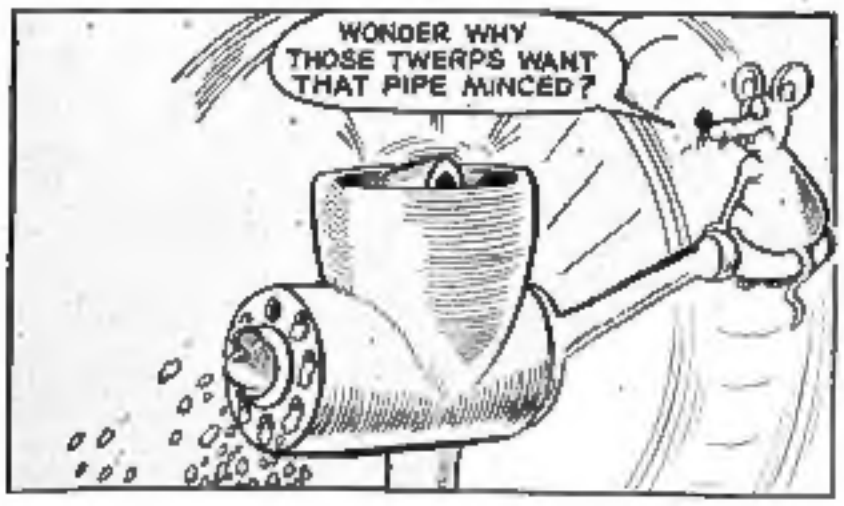
H'MM! IF THAT'S NOT DAD'S PIPE IN THERE, I'M A DUTCHMAN!


RIGHT, SAMMY! HAND THEM OVER! COUGH UP!
Y-YES, PERCY, RIGHT AWAY, PERCY!


ERK! HE'S COUGHED TOO HARD!
COUGH!


MEANWHILE...
YIPPEE! THIS IS JUST LIKE THE BIG WHEEL AT THE FAIR!

??
SPLAT!

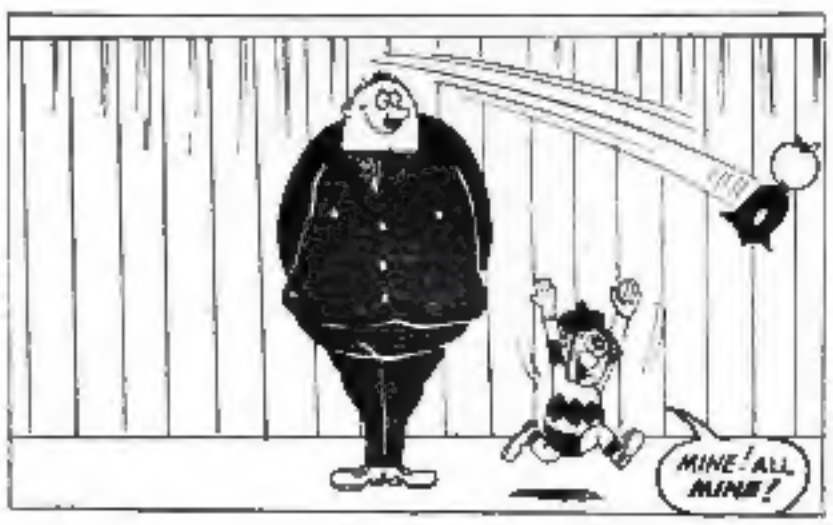

WONDER WHY THOSE TWERPS WANT THAT PIPE MINCED?

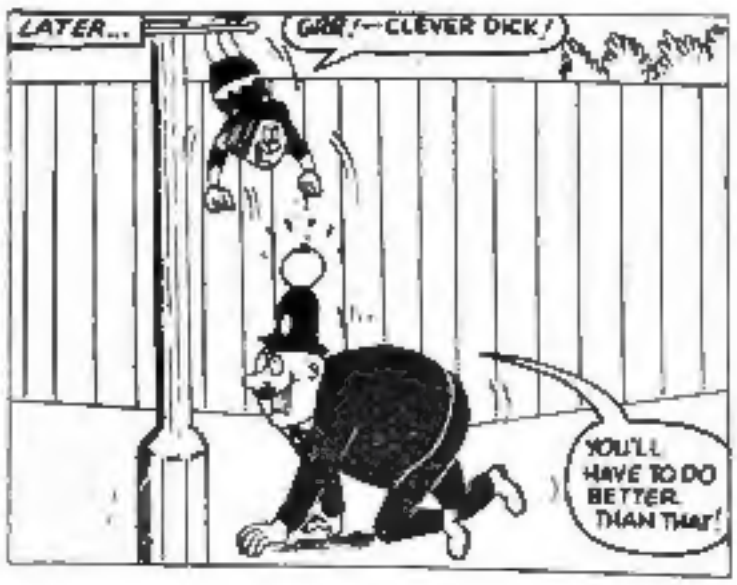
AAGH! YOU LITTLE CLOT! IT'S JUST A PILE OF SAWDUST NOW! WHY COULDN'T YOU LEAVE THEM ALONE?
COO!
B-BUT, DAD! I CAN EXPLAIN! HELP! HELP!

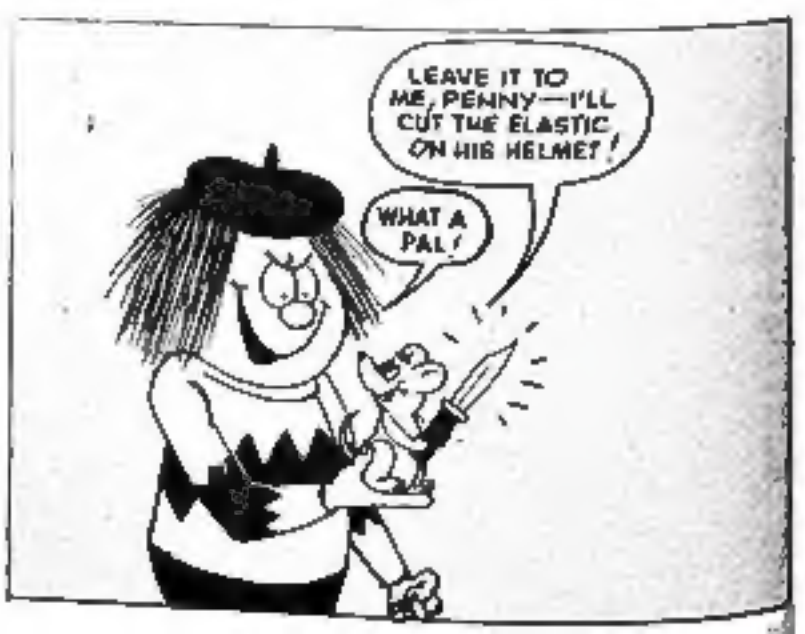
HO! HO! GOOD OLD PERCY— SAWDUST SOUFFLE! SLURP!
IT SAVES THE OLD TEETH! HEH! HEH!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967







TOP FLOOR, PLEASE! HEH! HEH!

CLUNK!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T! HOP IT, YOU TWERP!

AAGH! IT'S A MOUSE TRAP!

AH, WELL — YOU DID TRY!

HELLO, PENNY — WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

HUH! IT'S P.C. CORK! HE'S NABBED MY APPLE!

SLURP! HOW ABOUT A BITE OF YOUR APPLE, PERCY?

DROOL!

SORRY — IT'S FOR MY BIRD PALS. THEY LIKE APPLE!

HOW ABOUT A SWAP THEN?

THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH, PENNY — *RIGHT!* — YOU CAN HAVE THIS ONE!

WHISPER!

—I'LL WHISTLE UP MY BIRD PALS!

COME ON, MATES — IF PERCY'S MESSAGE WAS CORRECT, THAT'S OUR TARGET BELOW!

UH?

HELP! GET OFF! LEAVE IT ALONE!

MY BIRD PALS GOT THEIR APPLE, AN' THAT BIRD, PENNY, GOT HERS!

CORE! YOU CAN'T WIN!

THE RUBBERMAN!

AT A PRIVATE AIRFIELD SOMEWHERE NEAR ROME...

THE SUN STONE! PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY! CERTAINLY A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT INDIAN ART!

ACCORDING TO THE WRITINGS UPON IT, THE STONE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE MAGIC PROPERTIES. EVEN THE INDIAN FAKIRS OF TODAY BELIEVE THAT THIS IS SO!

NO WONDER SO MANY HISTORIANS LIKE OURSELVES HAVE COME TO SEE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SUN STONE. BUT THAT MAN OVER THERE... **HE** IS NOT A SCHOLAR.

YOU KNOW WHO **HE** IS — THE FAMOUS ***RUBBERMAN!*** I WONDER WHY HE IS SO VERY INTERESTED IN THE SUN STONE?

IN RUBBERMAN'S MIND A SUN-BROWNED FACE SMILES SNEERINGLY...

WILL **HE** COME TO SEE THE SUN STONE? WILL THE INDIAN FAKIR WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO RUBBER COME HERE TO ROME? THERE IS ONLY THE ***SLENDEREST*** CHANCE - BUT ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT AND HOPE!

ONLY HE CAN REMOVE THIS CURSE. SO WHEN THE SUN STONE IS PUT ON VIEW AT THE MUSEUM, I MUST WATCH FOR EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY — IN CASE HE COMES!

HERE'S THE PICK-UP TRUCK.

SUDDENLY, FROM THE STRANGELY DARKENED WINDOWS OF THE DRIVING CAB, A GLOVED HAND THRUSTS OUT. THEN...

WHAT IS...? AAAAAHH!

AAARRGH!

THE AIR IS CRACKLING WITH ELECTRICITY!

ONLY RUBBERMAN, HIS BODY INSULATED AGAINST ELECTRICITY, REMAINS CONSCIOUS...

THEY'RE STEALING THE SUN STONE!

AS THE TRUCK SPEEDS AWAY...

HEY! RUBBERMAN!

IF THE SUN STONE IS STOLEN, MY CHANCE OF FINDING THE FAKIR GOES WITH IT!

I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! JUMP IN! WE CAN CHASE IT IN MY CAR!

THANKS! BUT I CAN MOVE FASTER... ***MY*** WAY!

A BUILDING SITE IS ON TOP OF THE HILL ....

THERE GOES THE TRUCK! HEY!... THAT BULLDOZER! IF I CAN RELEASE THE BRAKE IN TIME ...

CRAACK!

THAT'S STOPPED HIM! I'VE BLOCKED THE PATH!

BUT ONCE AGAIN THE SINISTER GLOVED HANDS APPEARS...

NOW, TO FIND OUT... UUUUUUHHHHH!

ELECTRICITY MAY HAVE NO EFFECT ON YOU, RUBBERMAN! BUT *THIS* WILL!

THE THICK LIQUID IMMEDIATELY SOLIDIFIES...

HE'S GOING TO RUN OVER ME – AND I CAN'T FREE MYSELF FROM THIS IN TIME!

BUT A SECOND LATER...

SEEMS MY CAR *DID* COME IN USEFUL *AFTER ALL*.

NO! NO! *AAAAHHH!*

THEN....

I'M *BILL WAYNE*, ROME CORRESPONDENT OF THE *CHICAGO CLARION*! BOY, WHAT A STORY *THIS* WILL MAKE!

IT'S ON FIRE! THE TWO MEN IN THE BACK WERE DROPPED OFF SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD, BUT I WONDER IF THE GUY WHO WAS DRIVING MANAGED TO GET OUT?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING DOWN THERE FOR... TO FIND OUT!

AS THEY DESCEND...

HEY, RUBBERMAN! THIS PIECE OF CLOTH MUST HAVE BEEN TORN FROM HIS CLOTHES. IT'S FUNNY-LOOKING STUFF LIKE THIN, BLACK METAL.

NEVER MIND THAT NOW. I MAY NEED HELP DOWN HERE!

THEY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE – THEN...

WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

I DON'T KNOW! THE WHOLE GROUND IS SHAKING!

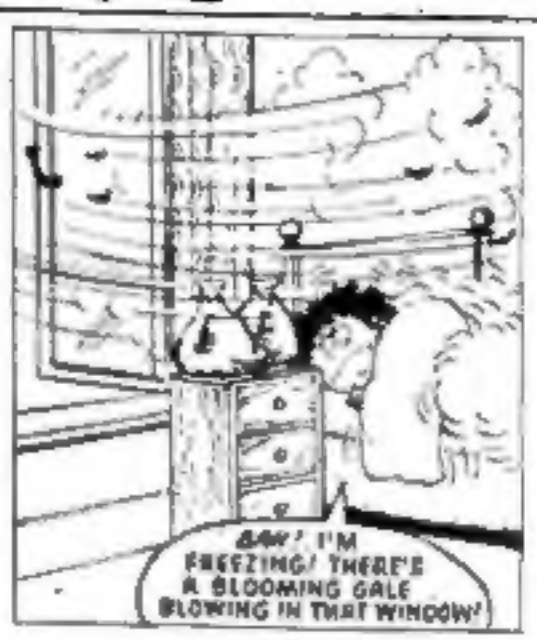
THAT TREE! LOOK...!

IT'S GOING TO FALL RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

WHAT MYSTERIOUS, EVIL FORCE IS AT WORK TO DESTROY RUBBERMAN? THE STAGGERING ANSWER ADDS UP TO SOMETHING BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



MEET SOFTY SIMPKINS—BRITAIN'S MOST KIND-HEARTED CROOK...
I LOVE JAIL—MAYBE IF I PULL A LITTLE BURGLARY TONIGHT THEY'LL STICK ME INSIDE FOR SIX LOVELY MONTHS!

AND SO...
AND I OWE ALL THIS TO MASTER RICH! SIGH! I'LL GET MY DEAR OLD AUNTIE TO GIVE RONNIE ALL MY MONEY! I WON'T NEED IT AS I'M IN HERE FOR TEN YEARS!

MEET... Mister Knowall! *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

'ERE! EAR!

Every day for weeks a man went into work with a banana stuck in one ear.

Then, one day, he arrived with a stick of rhubarb there instead.

It was just too much for his boss.

"Why do you come here every day with a banana stuck in your earhole—and come in today with a stick of rhubarb?" he exploded.

The man turned in surprise. "Because I couldn't get any bananas, you idiot!" he snapped.

Now You See it— Now You Don't!

You can make things appear and disappear inside an ordinary empty matchbox. And it is as simple as this . . .

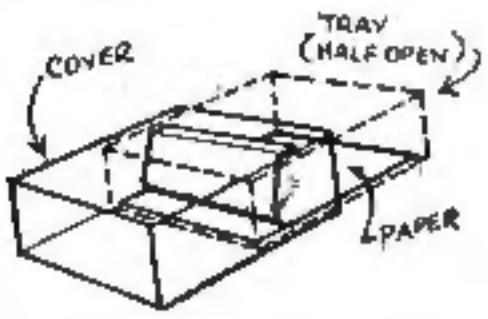
(1) Get two identical strips of paper . . .

(2) Cut one strip so that it fits *exactly* into the bottom of the matchbox tray . . .

(3) Cut the second strip about an inch longer. Put it into the tray on top of the first strip . . .

(4) Now glue the lip of the overhanging second strip to the inside top of the matchbox cover.

That's it—and now you are all ready to baffle your mates.



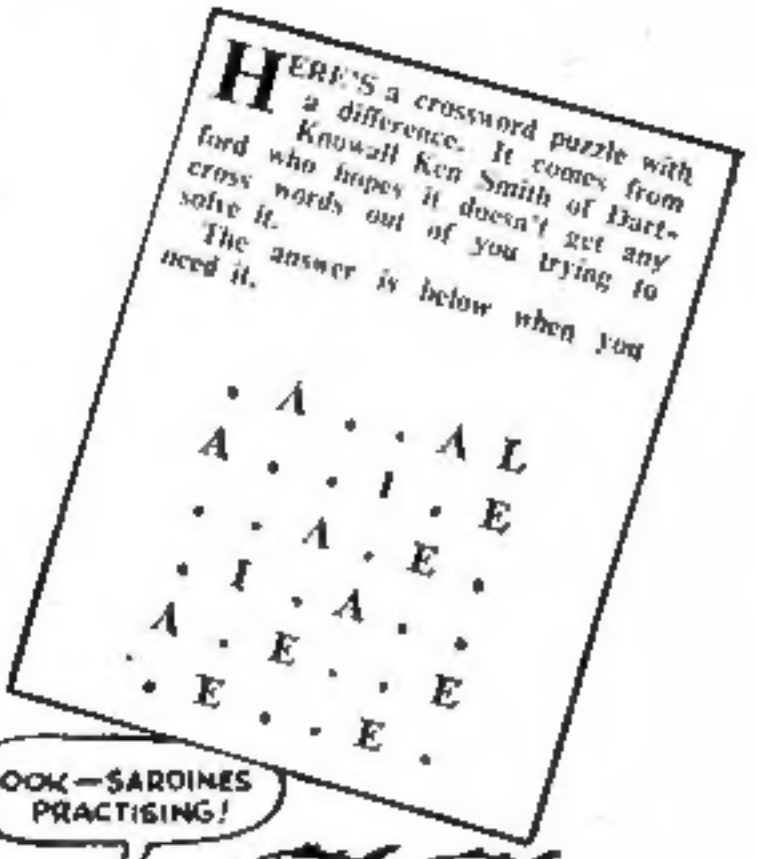
Place a short length of cotton in the half open tray—saying that you will make it vanish.

And, so saying, simply push the tray in and then half out the other side to reveal the cotton has indeed vanished!

To make it reappear, push the tray back in and out the other side again.

HERE'S a crossword puzzle with a difference. It comes from Knowall Ken Smith of Dartford who hopes it doesn't get any cross words out of you trying to solve it.

The answer is below when you need it.



Can You See This?

What three letter word reads the same forwards and backwards?

Eye!

PENNY PROBLEM

Place three pennies in line on a table so that they just touch each other.

Now challenge your mates to move the lefthand penny away from the other two without touching it in any way, or moving the centre penny.

Here's the know-how . . .

Place your left forefinger firmly on the centre penny so that it will not move, then, at the same time, sharply flick the righthand penny. You'll be surprised at the result.

Water Trap

Ask your mate if he can balance a glass of water on the back of each hand while his hands are flat on the table.

It sounds such an easy trick that he's bound to want to try. Here comes the giggle . . .

When he's sitting there with the water carefully balanced and a smug smile of achievement on his face announce: "Well, I'm off now—I'll come back later and see if you're still doing it!"

But don't be too long before you come back to his rescue. We don't want to spoil any beautiful friendships.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

The Feature I don't like is:

My age is:

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

OUT OF DOORS!

On our way up the street we counted 100 doors on our left. On our way back we counted 100 doors on our right. How many different doors did we count altogether?

Answer: 100. One left going up and one right coming down!

CROSSWORD ANSWER

R A S C A L
A C T I V E
S T A G E S
C I G A R S
A V E R S E
L E S S E N

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

BAH! IT'S THE EXAM TOMORROW - AND THOSE ROTTEN SWOTS WILL COME OUT ON TOP AS USUAL!

YEAH! AND THEY'LL BE EVEN MORE UNBEARABLE!

WHOA! DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'VE GOT AGAINST ME - I'M NO SWOT!

BOOM!

YEOW! I'VE GOT IT - I KNOW HOW TO FIX THEM!

SLAP!

THISH ISHN'T MY DAY!

LET'S KIDNAP CYRIL SWOT AND TELL THE OTHER TWERPS WE WON'T LET HIM GO, UNLESS THEY FAIL THE EXAMS!

YAHOO! BRILLIANT! BRILLIANT!

NEH! HEH! COME ON, LADS - THE LITTLE TWERP WILL BE STARTING HIS VIOLIN PRACTICE SOON!

MEANWHILE...

SCREECH! WAIL! SCREECH!

COR! AND FOLK TALK ABOUT US CATS - JUST LISTEN TO THAT RACKET!

HALLO, CYRIL! MEET ALI-BABA AND THE PIANO FORTE THIEVES! NEH! NEH! SNIGGER!

ERK!

SMASHING! WE'LL HIDE THE TWERP IN THAT OLD DUST-BIN BY THE GAS-WORKS UNTIL HIS SWOTTY PALS DECIDE TO FAIL THE EXAM! SNIGGER!

MUMBLE! GRK!

WELL! THAT'S SHUT HIM UP

AND SO...

GRR! ONLY THE BLOTS COULD SPELL AS BAD AS THAT - IT MUST BE THEM WHO'VE KIDNAPPED POOR CYRIL!

Deer Swots
Fole the ekzam
To-moro or yeu'll
never see Siril
agen,
Sined
the Blak
nek GANG

SNIFFY, THE BLOOD-HOUND, WILL SOON SNIFF CYRIL OUT FOR US!

YES! THOSE NASTY BLOTS WON'T BEAT US SO EASILY!

SNIFF!

PHEW! WHAT KIND OF CHEESE DOES CYRIL EAT?

YIPEE! GOOD OLD SNIFFY! HE'S PICKED UP THE SCENT!

OH, NO! THOSE TWERPS ARE TRYING TO GET CYRIL BACK! I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!

ESCAPED CONVICT

SNIFF!

PHEW! LUCKY I'VE GOT THIS DISGUISE ON!

COO WHAT'S BERTIE BLOT UP TO?

GASP! THEY SAY BLOODHOUNDS CAN'T FOLLOW A TRAIL ACROSS WATER PUFF PUFF!

PHEW! MADE IT! GASP!

I CUTAH BARBER

AAGH! AN AMBUSH! IT'S HORRIBLE BESTIE BLOT!

BOO! HOO! I CAN'T SMELL A DING DONG 'YE GOD A CODE IN THE NODE CAN'T SNIFF CYRIL OUD DOWN!

OUT OF ORDER

HEH HEH! THE WATER DID THE TRICK! THEY'LL NEVER FIND CYRIL NOW - SNIFFY'S NOSE IS OUT OF ACTION!

TO GAS WORKS

THOSE SWOT 'WEEPS WERE AFTER CYRIL BUT I FIXED THEM WITH THIS BUCKET OF WATER - CYRIL'S STILL OURS!

OH YEAH!?

AAGH! IT'S CLARENCE SWOT HOW DID HE GET THERE?

HEH HEH! THEY ALWAYS FORGET IT'S US SWOTS WHO HAVE THE BRAINS

MY HERO!

AIEE! HE'S GOT CYRIL STOP HIM!

GEE! WHAT A HOPE HE'S THE SCHOOL SPRINT CHAMPION!

GRRR! HE LED THE SWOTS TO CYRIL!

YEAH! LET'S BATTER HIM!

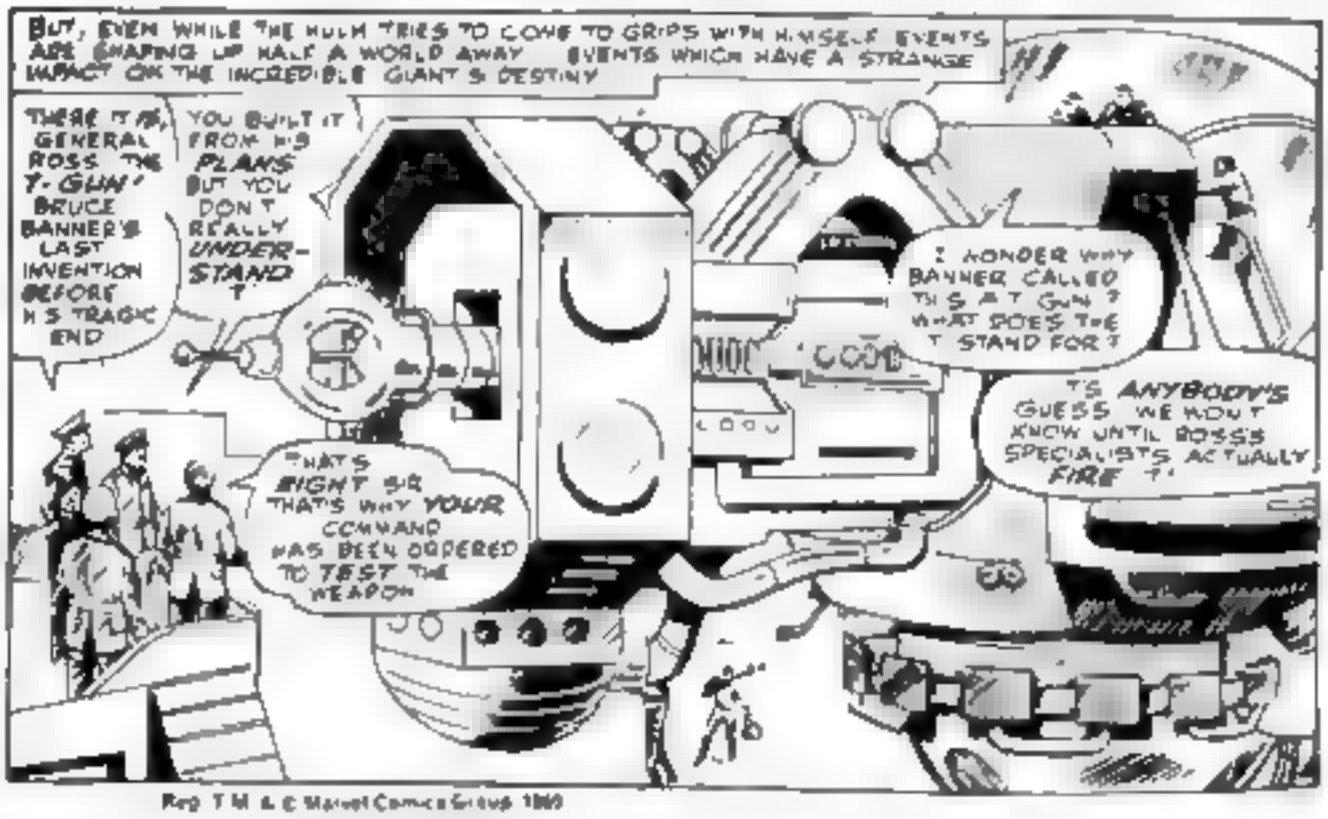
B-BUT, LADS - HELP!

ZOOM—M—M

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

ALREADY HE HAS SEEN IT STRIKE DOWN THE **LEADER**. BUT NOT EVEN THEN DID THE **GREEN GIANT** GUESS THE POWER OF THE **ULTIMATE MACHINE**— UNTIL HE CLAMPED IT ON HIS HEAD
NOW THE SOUND OF A BILLION VOICES SHRIEKS WITH INDESCRIBABLE PAIN THROUGH HIS BRAIN.

BUT BEFORE TEARING FROM HIS PULSATING HEAD ONE VOICE REGISTERS UPON THE HULK'S BRAIN LOUDER CLEARER MORE URGENT THAN ANY OTHER
ONLY THE WHITE HOUSE CAN HELP ME! SOMEONE'S GOT TO TELL THE PRESIDENT!
THAT VOICE IT'S THE KID IT'S RICK JONES!


BUT, EVEN WHILE THE HULK TRIES TO COME TO GRIPS WITH HIMSELF EVENTS ARE SHAPING UP HALF A WORLD AWAY EVENTS WHICH HAVE A STRANGE IMPACT ON THE INCREDIBLE GIANT'S DESTINY
THERE IT IS, GENERAL ROSS THE T-GUN! BRUCE BANNER'S LAST INVENTION BEFORE HIS TRAGIC END
YOU BUILT IT FROM HIS PLANS BUT YOU DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND IT
I WONDER WHY BANNER CALLED THIS A T GUN? WHAT DOES THE T STAND FOR?
IT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS WE WON'T KNOW UNTIL BOSS'S SPECIALISTS ACTUALLY FIRE IT!
THAT'S RIGHT SIR THAT'S WHY YOUR COMMAND HAS BEEN ORDERED TO TEST THE WEAPON

Reg T M & © Marvel Comics Group 1969

TOWARDS THE END BANNER WAS SUSPECTED OF BEING A TRAITOR! FOR ALL WE KNOW HE WANTED US TO BUILD THE T-GUN FROM HIS PLANS!
IT MIGHT BE A GIGANTIC, DESTRUCTIVE BOOBY TRAP!
AND IT'S MY JOB TO FIND OUT EH? WELL, LET'S GET STARTED!

I WANT THIS BUILDING RINGED BY MY NIKE MISSILES NIGHT AND DAY! WE'LL BE OPERATING UNDER MAXIMUM SECURITY CONDITIONS
YES SIR GENERAL ROSS ANY OTHER INSTRUCTIONS?
JUST ONE CLEAR OUT THE REST OF YOU, MY STAFF AND I HAVE A JOB ON OUR HANDS.

A SHORT TIME LATER AS THE PEPPERY HARD BITTEN GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS CONFERS WITH HIS TOP MISSILEMEN AND SECURITY OFFICERS
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE MAJOR TALBOT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY TOP SECURITY AIDE, NOT THE LOVER BOY OF THE CONTINENTAL COMMAND!
BUT GEN WAS JUST ESCORTING ME TO SEE YOU DAD
AFTER MAD BETTY YOUR FATHER'S RIGHT!
SORRY, SIR I STAND CORRECTED WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT SON. THE REST OF YOU CARRY ON!
I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU AND MY DAUGHTER PRIVATELY, TALBOT!

I DARE NOT RELAX SECURITY UNTIL THE *HULK* IS ACCOUNTED FOR WHY HAVEN'T YOU *FOUND* HIM?

I DON'T *KNOW*, SIR IT'S AS IF THE EARTH WAS SWALLOWED HIM UP WE HAVE THE BOY *RICK JONES* IN CUSTODY BUT HE'S REFUSES TO TALK

BUT YOU *CAN'T* BELIEVE A TEEN AGE BOY KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE *HULK*?!

QUIET, GIRL THIS IS NO CONCERN OF *YOURS*!

BUT IT *IS* MY CONCERN FATHER RICK JONES WAS A FRIEND OF BRUCE BANNER'S AND I I HAD BEEN IN *LOVE* WITH BRUCE'

DON'T EVER SAY THAT *AGAIN*! YOU *KNOW* BANNER WAS A *TRAITOR*'

NO! IT WAS NEVER *PROVEN*! I'LL NEVER *BELIEVE* THAT OF HIM'

BETTY *PLEASE*! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS GLEN TALBOT'

YOU NEVER TRUSTED BRUCE' EVEN THOUGH HE DEVOTED HIS *LIFE* TO NATIONAL DEFENCE YOU HOUNDED HIM, YOU NEVER TRIED TO UNDERSTAND.

THAT'S *ENOUGH*! TALBOT FOLLOWED *MY ORDERS*! IF YOU'VE ANY COMPLAINTS, TAKE THEM UP WITH *ME*!

YOUR *HEART* BLINDED YOU TO BANNER'S TREASON BUT WHAT'S *RICK JONES'* EXCUSE?!

AND IN A HEAVILY-GUARDED MILITARY PRISON WE FIND

HOW COME THEY NEED SUCH A HEAVY GUARD FOR ONE KID SARGE?

IN CASE THE *HULK* TRIES TO RESCUE HIM SOLDIER'

YEAH? A LOT OF GOOD *WE'D* DO AGAINST THE *HULK*'

OKAY *AT EASE*! TEND YOUR POST AND LET THE *BRASS* DO THE THINKIN

THEY SAY I'VE GOTTA *STAY* HERE UNTIL I TELL WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE HULK AND DR BANNER BUT I *CAN'T* TELL I *SWORE* I WOULDN'T'

I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD TO BRUCE BANNER NOT TO THE MAN WHO TURNED ON THE HULK WHEN HE SAVED MY LIFE YEARS AGO'

ONLY ONE *OTHER* MAN KNOWS THE HULK'S SECRET THE MAN IN THE *WHITE HOUSE*' MAYBE *HE* CAN HELP'

LISTEN YOU'VE GOT TO *DO* SOMETHING FOR ME! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME CALL THE *WHITE HOUSE*!

YEAH? IS THAT *ALL*? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE US TO *CARRY* YOU THERE *PIGGY-BACK*?"

LOOK! I'M NOT KIDDIN'! YOU'VE GOTTA *LISTEN* TO ME'

HELL *SPEAK* TO ME HONEST HE WILL JUST *TELL* HIM TELL HIM IT'S ABOUT THE *HULK*!

SURE KID SURE NEXT TIME I GO OVER THERE FOR DINNER I'LL MENTION IT TO HIM MEBBE WHEN WE'RE BOTH WALKIN OUR DOGS OR SOMETHIN'

THE ONLY WAY *YOU'LL* GET OUTTA HERE IS BY TELLIN WHAT YOU KNOW NOT BY TRYIN OUT ANY NUTTY STORIES ON US!

BUT IT'S THE *TRUTH*! YOU'VE GOT TO *BELIEVE* ME'

IT IS AT THAT MOMENT AS HE RIPS THE AWESOME OBJECT FROM HIS SKULL, THAT THE HULK REALIZES.

IT'S LIKE I WAS *MEANT* TO HEAR THAT LAST MESSAGE LIKE SOMEONE *PLANNED* THE WHOLE THING' RICK JONES NEEDS MY HELP!

I ALMOST *FORGOT* ABOUT 'IM EVER SINCE I SAVED HIS LIFE HE TRIED TO PAY ME BACK TRIED TO BE MY FRIEND' WHY *SHOULDN'T* I HELP 'IM? I'LL GIVE ME SOME-THIN' TO DO!

EXCITED BY THE PROSPECT OF IMPENDING *ACTION*, THE HULK'S CLOUDED BRAIN PROMPTLY *FORGETS* THE ULTIMATE MACHINE AS HE LEAPS UNHESITATINGLY FROM THE TOWERING PEAK

IT WON'T TAKE *ME* LONG TO REACH WASHINGTON!

AND IF THEY KNOW WHAT'S *GOOD* FOR 'EM NOBODY BETTER TRY N *STOP* ME!

SUDDENLY A VOICE OR IS IT MERELY A NEBULOUS *THOUGHT*, TRAVELLING THROUGH INFINITY SEEMS TO TRAIL AFTER THE DEPARTING FIGURE.

I HAVE SWORN NEVER TO INTERFERE IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHERS, AND YET...

ALL I DID WAS LET HIM HEAR *ONE* VOICE ABOVE THE OTHERS! ONLY THE *FUTURE* CAN TELL WHETHER I HAVE DONE WRONG!

NOW THAT IT'S FORGOTTEN AND UNWANTED IT'S TIME TO *REGAIN* MY ULTIMATE MACHINE!

FOR IT WILL BE MANY *MILLENNIUMS* BEFORE MANKIND WILL BE READY FOR IT, SO SPEAKS THE *WATCHER!*

LATER AT A FAR NORTH COASTAL RADAR TRACKING STATION

U.F.O. COMING FAST AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK

I CAN *SEE* IT'S A *NO!* I MUST BE *IMAGINING* THINGS I'VE *GOTTA* BE

IT'S A *MAN* LEAPING THROUGH THE AIR

HAS AN *EYE!* I'VE SHOULDA *GUESSED!* IT'S THE *HULK!*

HE'S NOT ATTACKING US! HE'S USING THIS AS ANOTHER *JUMPING OFF* POINT

THOOM!

DUCK!

WHOOSH!

...AND SPEEDING TOWARD THE ALARM-SECONDS LATER... *THE HULK IS HEADING FOR THE NATION'S CAPITAL PURPOSE UNKNOWN!*

THEY'RE *AFRAID* OF ME! THEY'RE TRYING TO *STOP* ME

FOR HOURS THE MIGHTY DEFENCES OF THE STRONGEST NATION ON EARTH POSSESSED BY THE HULK AT BAY AS A GRIM COMMAND IS BARKED FROM THE PENTAGON...

WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF HIM SMASHING THROUGH OUR NET! *GUN* BROUGHT HERE IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN *STOP* HIM!

WHOOM! *WHOOM!* *WHOOM!* *OM!*

AND SO WHEREAS PRIORITY ORDERS THE T-GUN IS RANSPORTED TO WASHINGTON IN RECORD TIME AND THEN...

BUT THE T-GUN HAS NEVER YET BEEN *FIRED*, SIR! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT ITS *EFFECT* WILL BE!

I *KNEW* WE'D ATTACK SOONER OR LATER! BUT THIS TIME WE HAVE A WEAPON TO *STOP* HIM! THIS SHALL BE THE *END* OF THE HULK!

RIGHT! AND THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS *ANY* TO FIND *OUT!*

BATTERY OFFICER *REEEEPORT!*

T-GUN POWERED AND READY SIR! ALL SYSTEMS ARE *GO!*

WE DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE MAN! WE KNOW OUR *TARGET!* *DESTROY* HIM!

THE ENTIRE AREA HAS BEEN EVACUATED GENERAL!

AUTOMATIC TRACKING SYSTEM IS ZEROED IN ON TARGET SIR!

THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS AND THE HIGH COMMAND ARE SAFELY SHELTERED IN THEIR DEEP SECURITY SHELTERS

FIVE SECONDS TILL FIRING! FOUR SECONDS

RUMMM!

THREE...

...TWO...

...ONE...

ZERO!

KOOM!

THEN SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN THE BRAIN OF THE HULK — THE SOMETHING WHICH STILL CONTAINS A PART OF BRUCE BANNER'S GENIUS — THAT SOMETHING SUDDENLY REMEMBERS!

THAT GUN! IT ONLY THAT COULD [illegible] SUCH AN EFFECT ON MAN MEANT IN USED AGAINST ME!

AND WHEN THE GLARE AND THE THROBBING AND [illegible] ASHES FINALLY CEASE

BANNER NEVER MEANT FOR IT TO BE USED! IT WAS JUST AN EXPERIMENT! HE WAS [illegible] TO LEARN ONE [illegible]

EXPOSED TO RADIATION'S SUDDEN BLAST [illegible] ALTERED THE LIGHT WAVES AROUND A PERSON COULD SEND HIM INTO A DIFFERENT TIME!

AND NOW WE PROVED THAT HE WAS RIGHT! IT COULD! AND IT'S DONE IT TO ME!

BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS I WASN'T IN THE SAME PLACE IT'S STILL WASHINGTON! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO [illegible]

LINCOLN'S STATUE! IT'S ALL THAT'S THE ONLY THING STILL STANDING! BUT IT'S ON THE FIRST PAGES OF THE FUTURE SOME FAR DISTANT FUTURE

BUT IT'S LIKE SOME KINDA DEAD WORLD! AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET BACK!

EXACTLY ONE SECOND AFTER THE HULK LEAVES THAT AREA, HE HAS LANDED IN A FAR FROM BEING A DEAD WORLD!

SOMETHIN ATTACKIN' ME FROM BEHIND!

THWOK!

WE HAVE CAPTURED SOME SORT OF THROWBACK FROM THE PAST! SHALL WE ENSLAVE IT OR DESTROY IT?

IT CANNOT HAVE ANY VALUE TO US!

SO! THEY THINK THEY CAPTURED ME HUH?

MEBBE I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT AGAINST TIME GUNS... OR ULTIMATE MACHINES OR STUFF LIKE THAT! BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT

NOW I KNOW WHERE MY ENEMY IS I KNOW WHAT I GOTTA DO TO BEAT 'EM!

ALL IT TAKES IS POWER! NOW I'M GONNA BE FIGHTIN IN MY LEAGUE AGAIN!

AT LAST I GOT SOMETHIN TO SMASH OUT AGAINST SOMETHIN TO FIGHT A CHANCE TO DO THE THING I CAN DO BETTER THAN ANYTHING THAT LIVES!

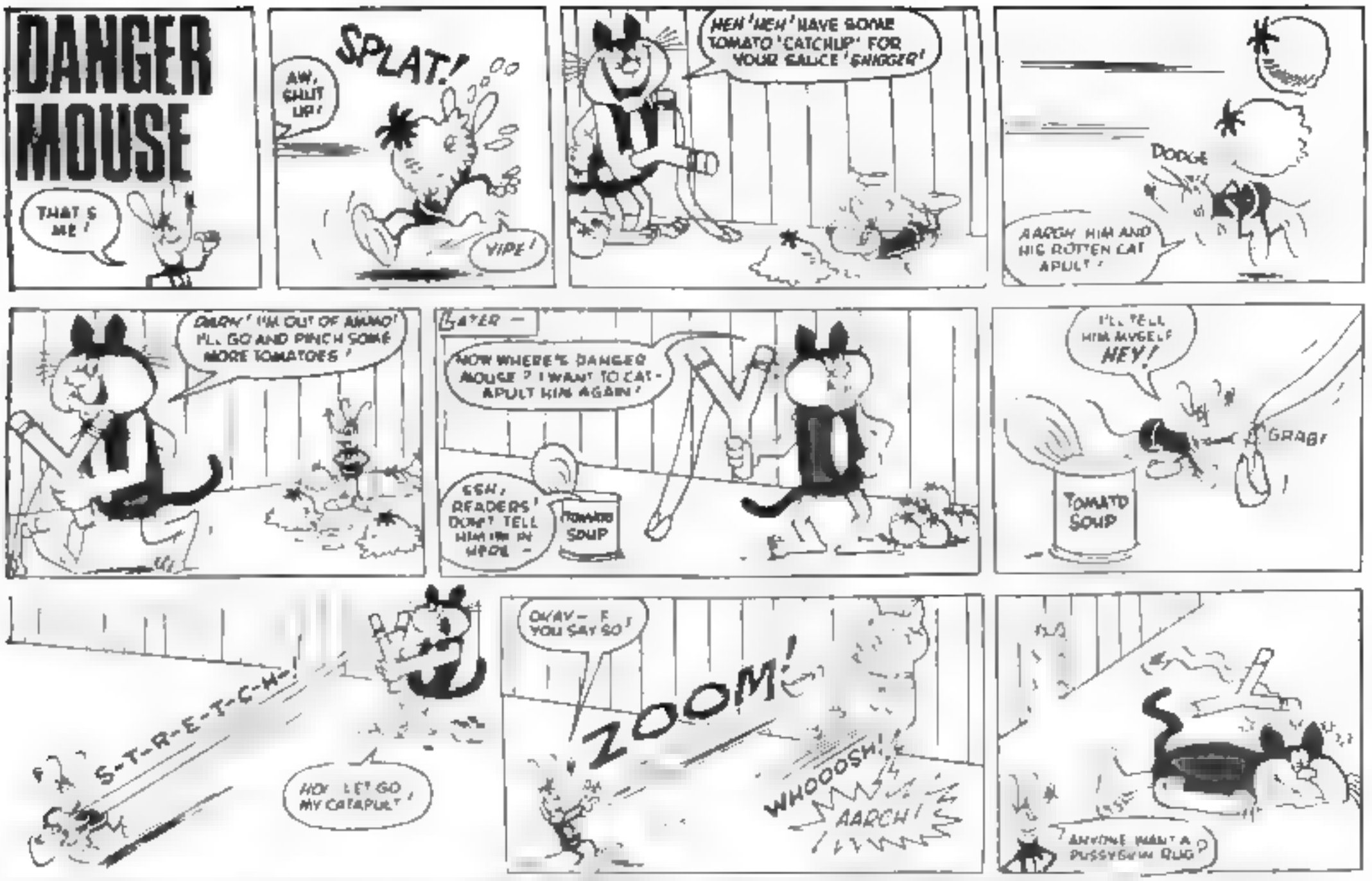
THEY PICKED ON THE WRONG ONE WHEN THEY PICKED ON THE HULK!

KRAKK!

IT IS THE HULK!! HE OF WHOM OUR ANCIENT LEGENDS TELL NOW WE SHALL SEE IF THE LEGENDS SPEAK TRUE!

NO MATTER WHAT AGE IT IS, I GOTTA FIGHT FOR MY LIFE AGAINST EVERYONE ELSE HUH? WELL WHY NOT? THAT'S WHY YOU'RE JUST A PACK OF MEN. BUT ME I'M THE HULK!

NEITHER YOU, NOR THE HULK CAN EVEN BEGIN TO SUSPECT THE STARTLING AND SPECTACULAR SURPRISES IN STORE NEXT ISSUE! JOIN US THEN WHEN THE FIGHTING MAD GREEN GIANT GOES ON THE RAMPAGE AS NEVER BEFORE!



HE CAN'T KEEP IT UP FOREVER—*NEITHER CAN WE!*
SO ORDER *YOUR* INCREDIBLE HULK T-SHIRT—*NOW!*

* 100% COTTON

* IN EYE-BRUISING HULK COLOUR

* CHEST-SIZES 28/30/32 - 6/11 POST FREE

* CHEST-SIZES 34/36/38 - 8/11 POST FREE

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND POST IT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE TO: SMASH, DEPT. S.M. 19, ROCHESTER X, KENT

PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

TO SMASH Dept S M 19,
Rochester X Kent.

P.O.

NAME
(Block Letters)
ADDRESS

SIZES 28 30 32 34 36 38

Tick No required

NAME
(Block Letters)
ADDRESS
(Block Letters)

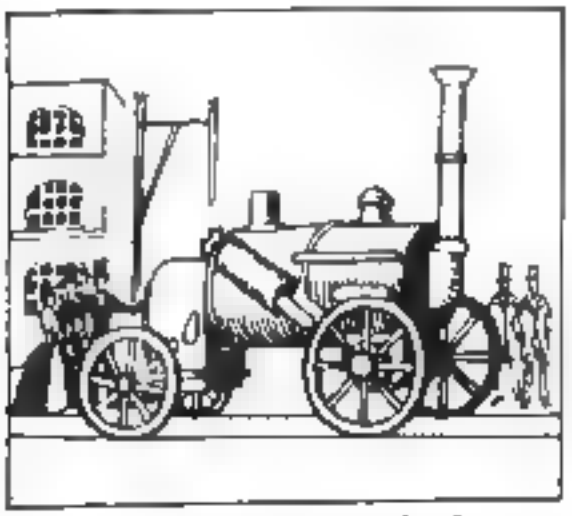
(from SMASH Dept S M 19, Rochester X Kent)

PLEASE CUT NEATLY ALONG BROKEN LINE

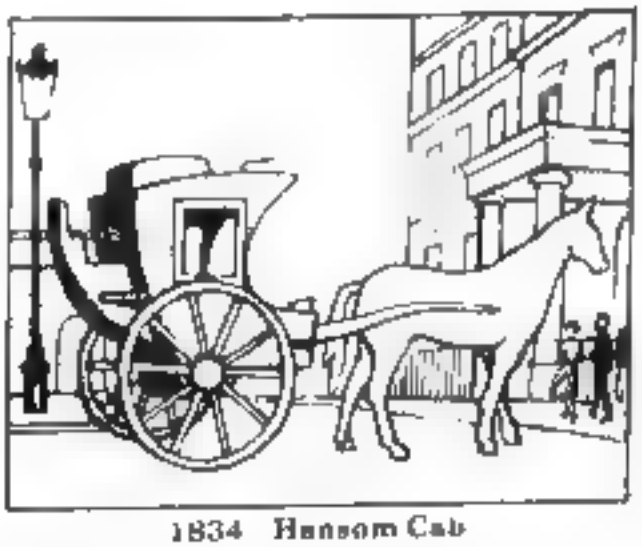
PLEASE CHECK THAT BOTH PARTS OF COUPON ARE COMPLETED.

We regret that this offer is not open to readers overseas. Eire readers will be liable for the payment of any Customs or Import Duties which may be levied.

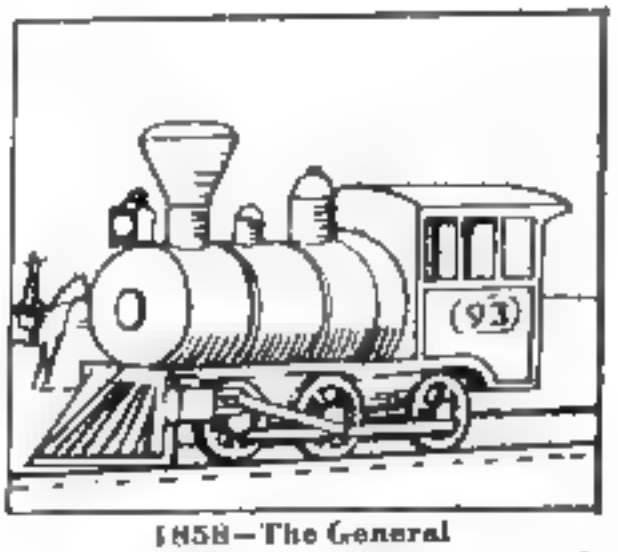
FREE MODELS!
"A CENTURY OF TRANSPORT"



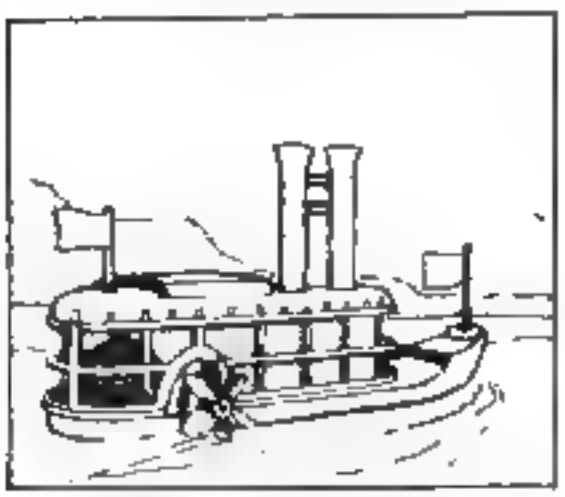
1829 – Stephenson's Rocket



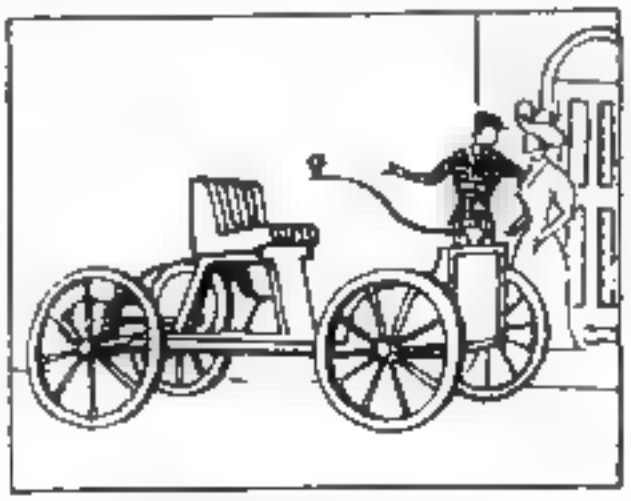
1834 Hansom Cab



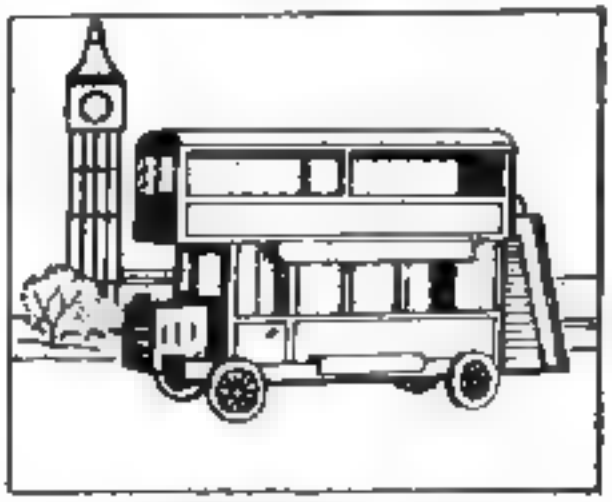
1858 – The General



1860 – Paddle Steamer



1896 – The First Ford



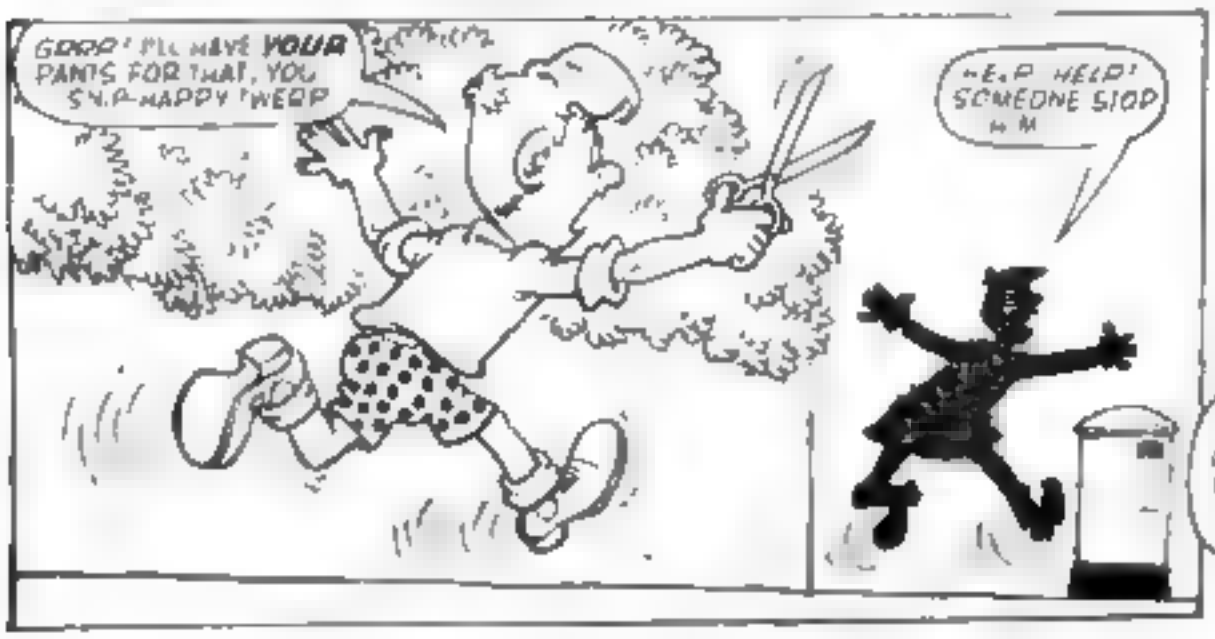
1923 – London Bus

These 6 models represent A Hundred Years of Transport and each one is made of coloured plastic in an easy to assemble kit. More details appear on the **Sugar Stars and Coco Krispies** packets. So start collecting your 6 models right away, and *hurry* before this super offer ends.

HURRY!
COLLECT YOUR 6
REALISTIC MODELS - THERE'S ONE
FREE INSIDE EVERY PACKET OF
KELLOGG'S SUGAR STARS
& COCO KRISPIES

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...



SNIF!

I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO RUN YOU IN, LAD HADN'T I?

AARGH! HELP! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S MY CUE TO GO THAT'S WHAT IT'S GULP!

OH NO HE'S ESCAPED HE'LL OFF

HOW TO SNIP THAT TWERP'S BRACES

HEH HEH! HE'LL NEVER GET ME UP HERE

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS I'M THE CHAMPION TREE CLIMBER IN THE GANG

HELP! I'M SLIPPING! I CAN'T KEEP MY GRIP!

WHEE!

OH, NO! WHAT GOES UP...

I MUST COME DOWN ERK!

CRUMP!

COO LOOKS LIKE CHARLIE'S DROPPED FROM THE CHASE

SPLAT!

GULP! IT'S BACK TO THE TELLY FOR ME BEFORE CHARLIE COMES TO HIS SENSES!

WH- WHERE AM I?

MUCH LATER AT HOME

BAH! BACK TO WHERE I STARTED - AND IT'S FOR REAL THIS TIME!

USE SNIPPO SCISSORS!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

GUESS who bounced back to the garret this week with a sun-tan you could make a fortune out of if you could only get it into a bottle? That's right! None other than the Minister of Power himself—Affable Alf just back from that holiday in sunny Spain. And do you know what was the first thing he did? He settled down to catch up on the two sets of issues of all the Power Comics that had been published whilst he was away. And he must have liked what he saw because he didn't scowl once! So, with the return of the affable one the ABC of Power is once again complete. And if you're agawp to work out what Power's ABC is—it's Alf, Bert & Cos, But *naturally*! If you didn't catch on to that right away don't write yourself off as a dim-bram. Because we hadn't thought of it ourselves until some of you pointed it out in your letters!

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS

Christopher Croft Westcliff on Sea Essex Nigel Tovey Exeter Devon Fred Carne Sunderland Co Durham Philip Smith Dunstable Beds Paul Howard Widnes Lancs Howard Cox Croydon Surrey Pete Grant Edinburgh Scotland James Cathels Sheffield 10 Charles Ford Orpington Kent Jerry Hughes Croydon Surrey Francis Doran Ormskirk Lancs Susan James, Manchester Lancs. Philip Alderman Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen S Wales. Paul Irons Epping Essex Gwyn Davies Smethwick Staffs Richard Kowalczyk, Harlesden London N.W.10. Stuart Dicks High Wycombe Bucks Philip Watson, Glenfield, Leicester Antony Bullock Wednesbury Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. Robert Thompson Harrogate, Yorks

We hope the new Power Comics of the year Pow Fantastic Terrific and Sensational figures that the total number of Power followers are already registered. Since each Power Comic is worth a mass of new readers. So whether the latter is probably the case. This may be the moment to re-state our pledge that you old hands know so well. Our comics are dedicated to the new breed of Comic Fans. They are founded on the comic art that our readers have picked, praised and panned and can recognise what is [illegible] and are. That makes [illegible] kind of people and [illegible] the best [illegible] can get them [illegible] a mass sale but [illegible] fun.

* * * *

That's it for that week—but in the meantime here's a tip for all those new readers we've been talking about. If you meet a guy with green skin be polite to him. It could be HULK!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

SMASH, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I enjoy reading your comic very much and am very interested in some of the letters you have printed. As soon as television occupies most of my spare time I want to [illegible] you to send me [illegible] so that I can keep up to date with the news. Could you please tell me a way I can do this? I don't want to be a pain but I do pay for asking me and say I am in the Air Cadets and one of the best ways to keep on [illegible] the latest ones is the free sets I think for yours and the sake we should put a page in and let more enjoy a whole good comic with [illegible] 29 or 30 pages full of exciting features which everybody will enjoy.

Lesley Ferrier,
Edinburgh Scotland.

● *Who says we don't print jokes? Tell us one we haven't heard before and it will go straight into Mr Knowall's Page. What we WON'T do is waste Smashspace on corny gags that have been printed dozens of times before.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I get SMASH every week only I get mine on Saturday which is unusual but let's talk about something else now. I used to get a TV mag but since I read SMASH when I was ill I just couldn't resist changing it into SMASH. I'm sure that if I had a chance to look into the future and the past I would not find a better comic than SMASH the greatest comic in the world!

P.S. In case you want an answer to the question in SMASH No. 59 can anyone guess why some shops doors are that shape. I think it is because old cars doors would not be big enough to get all the letters you have through them.

Gwyn James
Tettenhall Staffs.

● *Well, that COULD be the reason but we're sure it isn't!*

Incidentally, the editor of the Brand X comic you mentioned would love to know your secret for changing it into SMASH. In fact, we're printing your letter in case you decide to turn us into toads if we don't. Give our regards to Merlin.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

You asked for [illegible] about Mark among the [illegible] Cyprus. We have to wait longer than readers in the U.K. [illegible] and I can't get [illegible] but with every one SMASH [illegible] managed to read just about every SMASH from [illegible] and I've got [illegible] pocket money to get a copy [illegible] I've read [illegible] on the News Page and [illegible] spot. Red Rum [illegible] and the Bees. The [illegible] Hulk [illegible] Go Go or every other page. Stick [illegible]

Mrs M Hammond.
Limassol, Cyprus.

● *Who dare say that SMASH is only a boys' paper now with Go-Go Girls like Mrs. H. in the Power Pack?*

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've just finished reading the letter from Gil Smith (SMASH No. 59), and am glad to see there is someone after my own mind. I think SMASH is terrible rubbish, trash, ghastly, horrible and a waste of money. There are no words to describe the Hulk, except to say that it is a pity that Bruce Banner will not remain dead. (He will not because Super Heroes are never bumped off.) The whole comic is strict and I am surprised the children are allowed to spend their money on such trash.

P.S. This letter will not be printed, because you are too cowardly to face a second dose of criticism.

Janet Taylor
Luton Beds.

● *Dear Janet,*

We're not too. And there's a pound on its way to prove it.

Alf and Cos,

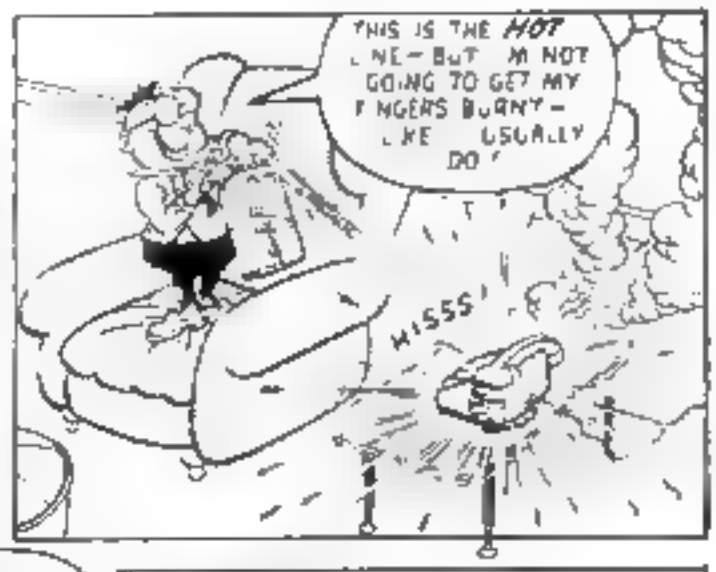
Most of you love SMASH—but if you want to have a MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

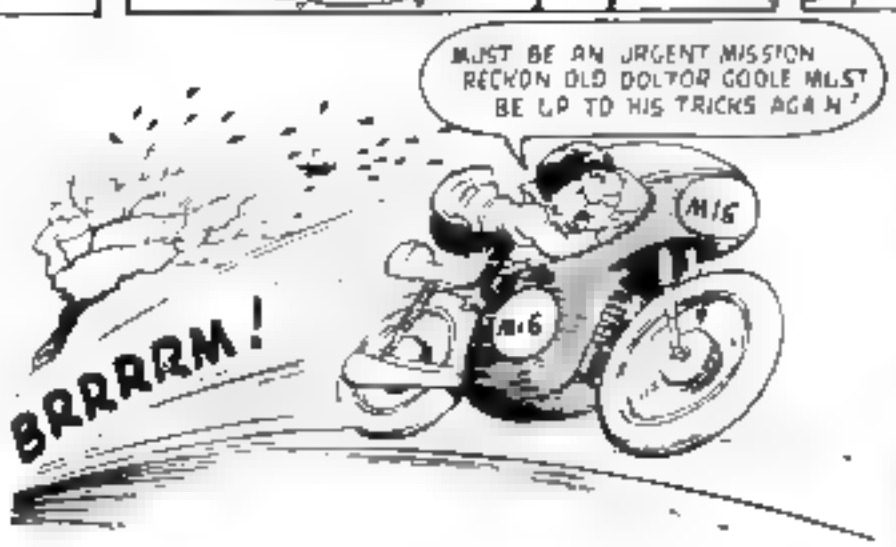
My favourite feature in SMASH is.

The feature I don't like is.

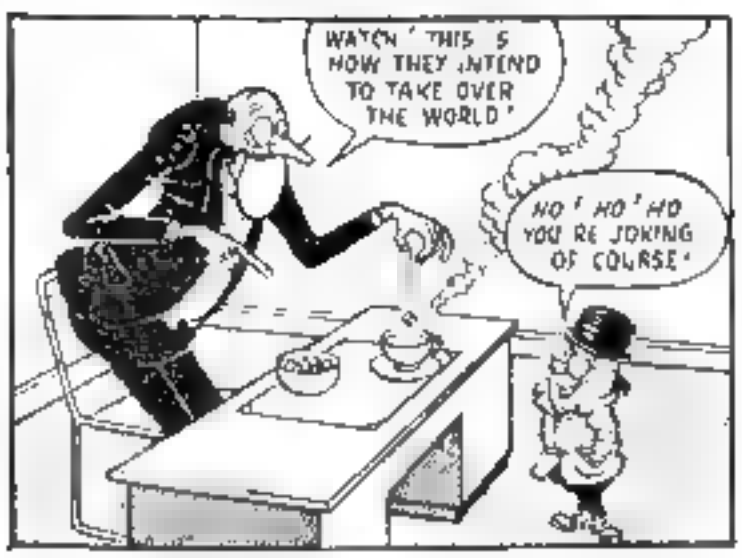
To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

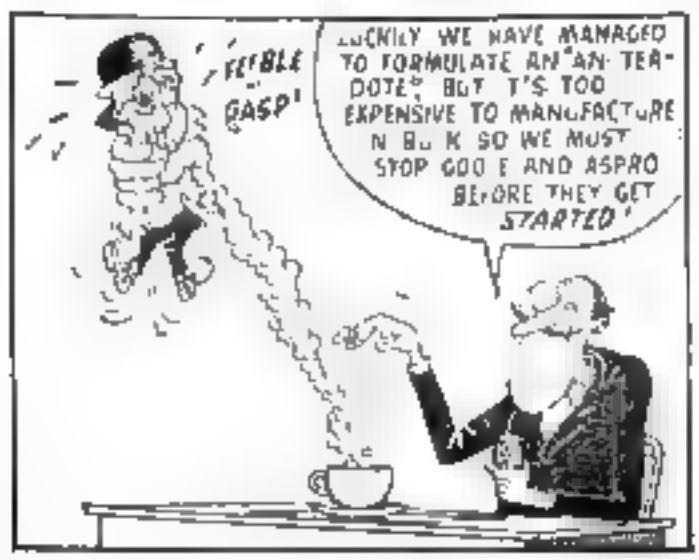
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.





AT THE BUNGLE HEADQUARTERS
CRASH!
GULP!
YES IT'S DOCTOR GOOLE AGAIN HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE SUGAR CUBAN FIDEL ASPRO - AND HE'S ONE BIG HEAD ACHE LARRY! THEY'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED!




FEEBLE GASP!
LUCKILY WE HAVE MANAGED TO FORMULATE AN 'AN-TEA-DOTE' BUT IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE TO MANUFACTURE IN BULK SO WE MUST STOP GOOLE AND ASPRO BEFORE THEY GET STARTED!

PHUT!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! I THOUGHT I'D HAD MY LOT THERE! A GREAT THING THIS MODERN SCIENCE! GULP!
CRUMP!
HERE'S YOUR PLANE TICKET TO CUBA - ON YOUR WAY, AND THE BEST OF LUCK THE BOFFIN LADS WILL ISSUE YOU WITH SOME OF THESE PILLS BEFORE YOU GO!

AND SO
WITH FIDEL ASPRO TO SUPPLY THE SUGAR AND DOCTOR GOOLE TO FIX IT - THAT MAKES A PRETTY DIABOLICAL DUO .. I'LL NEVER TAKE SUGAR IN MY TEA AGAIN!

WELL, AT LEAST THEY DON'T KNOW I'M COMING - THAT MAKES IT A LITTLE EASIER !

OH, YEAH ? HEH ! HEH !

AAGH ! IT'S BIG BORIS - DOCTOR GOOLE'S HENCHMAN !

MY HERO

CRACK !

COO SA T WE CLEVER ?

SHALL WE FIN SH PACKING BA ? SNIGGER !

AAGH ! STOP IT ! YOU CAN T DO THIS ! HELP !

HELP ! HELP !

M A VENTR LOQUIST - THAT S MY DUMMY IN THERE

MEANWHILE

YAHOO ! BORIS HAS GOT THE MAN FROM B U N G L E ! THAT TWERP WON T BOTHER US THIS T ME - THE WORLD IS OURS FIDEL !

ZEE SPIENDO ! HEH ! HEH !

LATER ..

WELCOME TO CUBA YOU LITTLE BUNGLING TWIT !

HEH ! HEH ! M NOT FINISHED YET, MATE ! I'M NOT AS STUPID AS I LOOK !

NO BUNGLES TH S WEEK - MY BRACES WERE AN NGEN OUS PARACHUTE

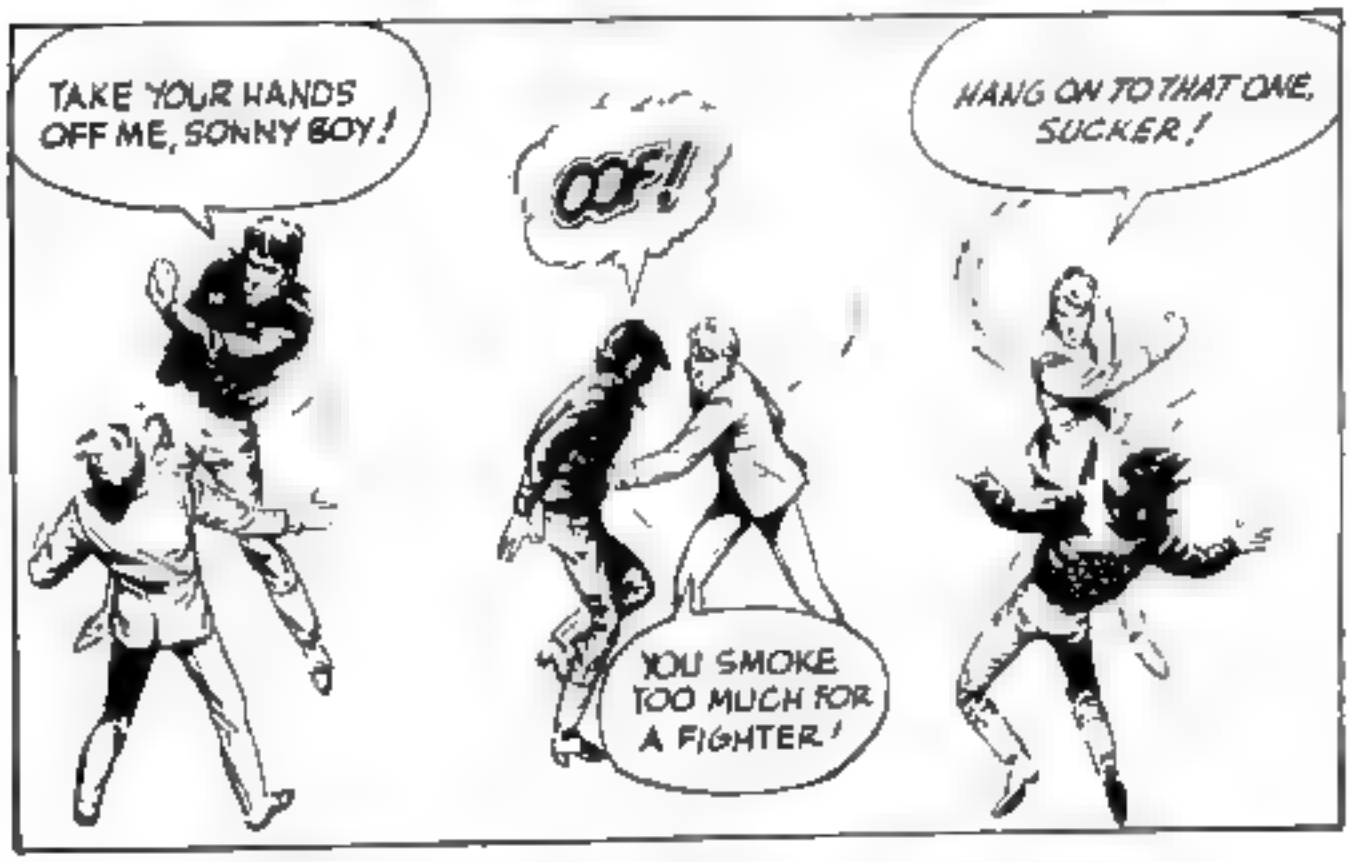
NO BUNGLES ? WHO S ME K DOING ?

COO ! LOOK WHO'S DROPPING IN FOR TEA ! HEH HEH !

OH, NO !

NEXT WEEK - ONE LUMP OR TWO ??!!

A shock for Bully Brown



Cigarettes harm your health

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

...THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE METAL MEN HAVE STARTED UP THAT MACHINE OF THEIRS AGAIN, ROLLO!

AND IT SEEMS TO BE SHAKING THE ENTIRE WORLD TO PIECES!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, THE LEGEND TESTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE METAL MEN THEY ARRIVE IN A TWELFTH CENTURY EUROPEAN VILLAGE WHERE A SPACE-CRAFT MANNED BY METAL CREATURES HAS LANDED!

THE CHIEF OF THE METAL MEN RAISES A GLISTENING HAND AND THE TERRIBLE VIBRATION CEASES

ENOUGH! OUR PROBE SHOWS THAT WHAT WE SEEK LIES AT THE CENTRE OF THE PLANET!

BRING THE BORING CABIN FROM THE SPACESHIP!

ROLLO—HOW IS IT WE CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT HE SAYS?

I THINK THE ANSWER IS THAT THESE CREATURES DON'T COMMUNICATE BY SPEECH IN THE WAY THAT HUMANS DO! BUT THAT THEIR METAL BODIES GIVE OFF FREQUENCY WAVES OF SOME SORT WHICH AN INTELLIGENT MIND AUTOMATICALLY TRANSLATES INTO WORDS

AND NOW SOME OF THE METAL MEN BRING A STRANGE OBJECT FROM THEIR MASSIVE SPACE CRAFT!

WHAT IS IT?

FROM THE CONSTRUCTION OF IT I'D SAY IT'S AN EARTH-BORING DEVICE OF SOME SORT—BUT MORE ADVANCED IN DESIGN THAN ANY I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE!

TAKE THESE TWO HUMANS WITH YOU YOU MAY MEET CONDITIONS IN THE EARTH'S CENTRE THAT ONLY A BEING FROM THIS PLANET CAN COPE WITH!

ALL RIGHT WE'RE IN NO POSITION TO ARGUE! BUT IT WOULD BE NICE TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

WE COME FROM METURN A FAR-DISTANT PLANET AND THERE ALL NEW LIFE IS CREATED BY FASHIONING NEW MEN FROM A SPECIAL METAL WHICH IS FOUND THERE WE CALL THIS METAL 'METURBAL' BUT NOW OUR MINES ARE NEARLY EXHAUSTED AND SO WE ARE IN DANGER AS A RACE OF BECOMING EXTINCT.

WE HAVE SEARCHED MANY PLANETS FOR ANOTHER SOURCE OF METURBAL WITHOUT SUCCESS BUT TODAY OUR PROBING MACHINE REVEALS THAT A METAL THAT COULD BE METURBAL LIES AT THE CENTRE OF YOUR PLANET EARTH

THIS BORER WILL CUT ITS WAY THROUGH TO THE EARTH'S CENTRE!

AND WE'RE BEING TAKEN ALONG IN CASE THERE'S ANY DIRTY WORK TO BE DONE WHEN WE GET THERE THANKS!

WITH ROLLO AND DANNY INSIDE, THE METAL MAN AT THE CONTROLS TILTS THE WEIRD DEVICE...

AND AT FANTASTIC SPEED THE BORER DRILLS INTO THE GROUND.

WE'RE GOING DOWN — DOWN THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST!

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! AND YET — IT'S HAPPENING!

WE'RE THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST AND NOW WE'RE PASSING THROUGH MOLTEN LAVA!

THE HEAT MUST BE INTENSE! AND YET THE MATERIALS FROM WHICH THIS BORER IS CONSTRUCTED COMPLETELY PROTECT US!

AND AT LAST THE HEADLONG PACE SLOWS.. AND THE MACHINE COMES TO A HALT...

BUT, AT ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE SPEED, THEY THRUST DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE HEART OF THE EARTH...

WHAT'S — THAT?

THERE ARE **CREATURES** ACTUALLY LIVING DOWN HERE — DEEP BENEATH THE WORLD'S SURFACE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

COLLECTING SPECIMENS OF THE MINERALS DOWN HERE! THESE WILL BE TAKEN BACK TO OUR OWN PLANET FOR EXAMINATION BY OUR SCIENTISTS!

UNTIL AT LAST THE BORER BURSTS THROUGH THE OUTER SURFACE OF THE EARTH...

WITH THE MINERAL SPECIMENS ABOARD, THE RETURN JOURNEY COMMENCES AT THE SAME BREATHLESS SPEED...

THE METAL MAN MAKES HIS REPORT TO HIS CHIEF...

IT IS GOOD. WE WILL RETURN NOW TO METURN WITH THE SAMPLES WE HAVE OBTAINED!

AND THE TWO EARTHMEN SHALL ACCOMPANY US! THEY SHALL SEE FOR THEMSELVES THE WONDERS OF OUR PLANET!

AND SO, ESCORTED BY THE METAL MEN, ROLLO AND DANNY ARE TAKEN TO THE VAST SHINING SPACE CRAFT...

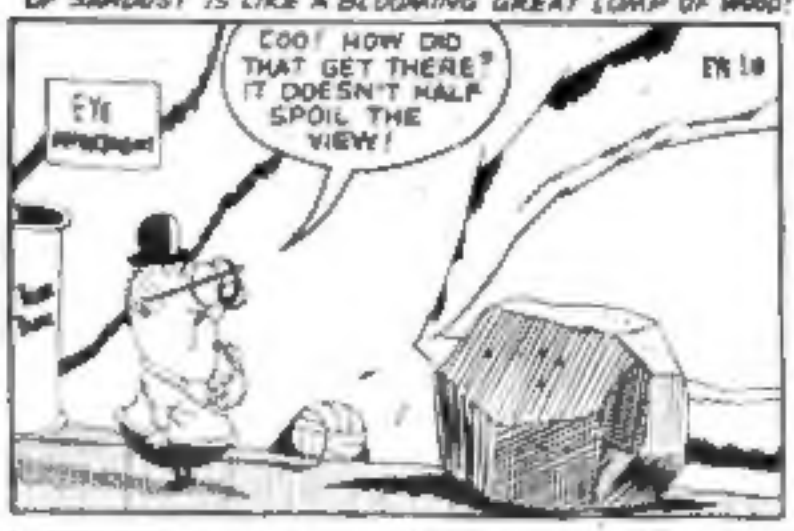
WHEN WE SET OUT ON THIS TRIP I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR A JAUNT TO THE STARS, ROLLO!

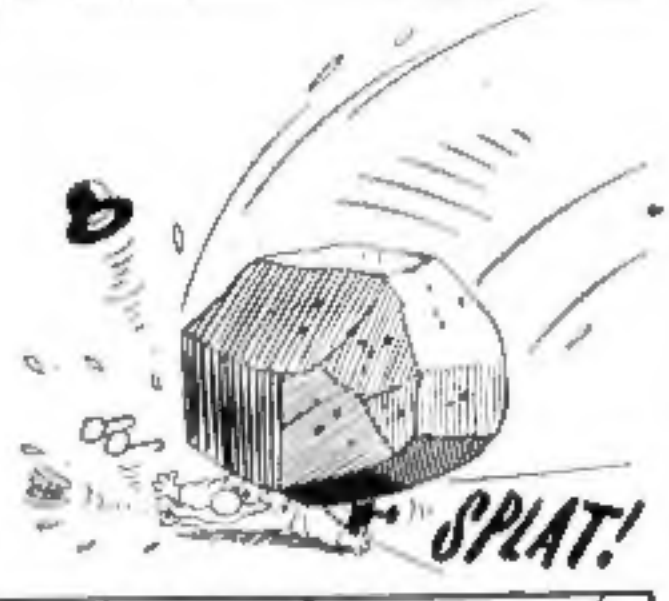
NEITHER DID I, DANNY! BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW! **NOTHING AT ALL!**

NEXT ISH: THE HOME OF THE METAL MEN!

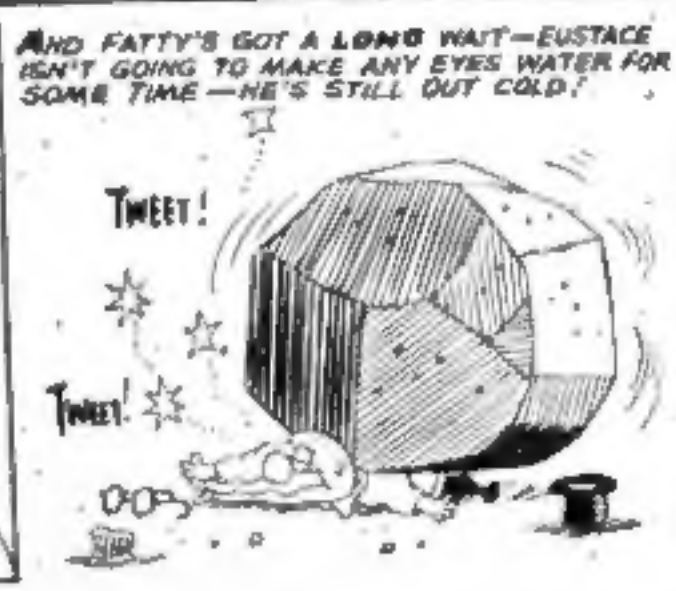
THE NERVS

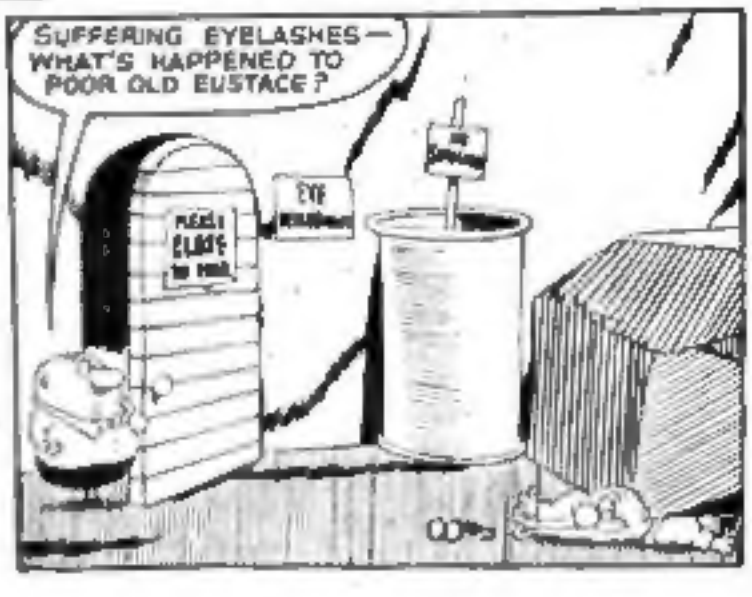
OF COURSE, TO EUSTACE EYE NERV, THAT SPECK OF SAWDUST IS LIKE A BLOOMING GREAT LUMP OF WOOD!





AND FATTY'S GOT A LONG WAIT—EUSTACE ISN'T GOING TO MAKE ANY EYES WATER FOR SOME TIME—HE'S STILL OUT COLD!





GASP! I CAN'T BUDGE IT—IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR ME! I'LL HAVE TO GET SAMSON THE MIGHTY MUSCLE NERV TO LIFT IT! GASP! PUFF!

STRAIN!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, SAMUEL—JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO ME! THE HULK'S NOTHING COMPARED TO ME!

SAMSON

EYE DEPARTMENT

ALLEZ OOP! THERE YOU ARE, EUSTACE!

COO! WHAT STRENGTH! HE'S AS STRONG AS AN OX!

I THINK I'LL KEEP THIS—IT'LL HELP ME TO BUILD UP MY MUSCLES DOWN IN THE BICEP DEPARTMENT!

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR MY NEXT TRICK...!

SPIN!

WHIZZZ!

COO! WITH ONE FINGER—ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!

OOER! IT'S SPUN OFF!

WHIZZZ!

CRASH!

OH, NO! IT'S SMASHED THE TEAR TANK!

AAGH! COME BACK WITH MY WOOD! I WANT THAT!

WHOOOSH!

WAA-AAH! I'M TOO LATE! I'M BEING CARRIED OUT!

OOOOSH!

SUFFERING EYEBALLS! I'VE NEVER SEEN AN EYE WATERING LIKE THAT!

M-M-ME NEITHER!

ER—MY EYE'S FINE NOW, MUM—BUT—I CAN'T DO A THING WITH MY ARM—THE MUSCLE'S GONE ALL FUNNY!

OH, NO! YOU'LL DRIVE ME AS NUTTY AS A FRUITCAKE! HE GETS SOMETHING IN HIS EYE AND THEN HE LOSES THE USE OF AN ARM!

BUT HERE'S THE REASON, READERS...

FATTY'S RIGHT THOUGH—AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING WITH THAT ARM UNTIL I GET BACK UP THERE AND WORK THE CONTROLS! WHAT A LIFE—I'M NEVER GOING TO SHOW-OFF AGAIN!

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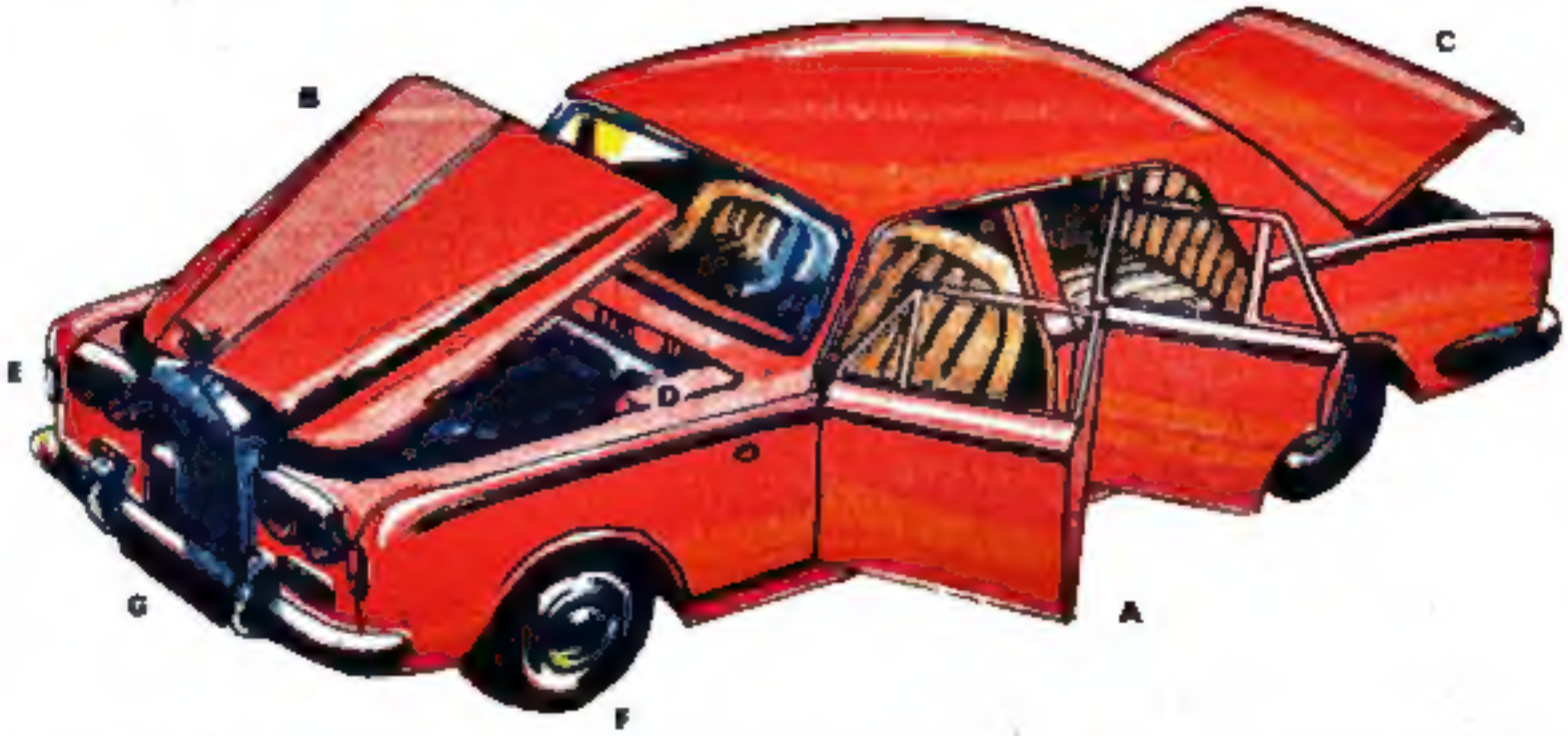
WE'VE GOT A ROLLS- ROYCE SILVER SHADOW JUST FOR YOU



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